No. 7

THE

1609/10 68

MINISTER,

IMPREGNABLE.

ONE CANTO.

Qua fiducia id facere audes?

TER.

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THE

MINISTER, *IMPREGNABLE.*

STARE not in England, at a Change,
Where, nine days paſt, is nothing ſtrange.
When PITT the noble Prince reſtrain'd,
Britannia of the wrong complain'd,
And Ireland, with fiducial zeal,
Truſted the Prince with all her weal.
Then Ruſtics hurried up to London,
As though the Country had been undone.
Each Cit abandon'd his abode,
All flocking to the Iriſh Road.

So

So the ſame cauſe, which brought each Clown,
On cart or horſeback, into Town,
From every village round about,——
Made all the Citizens go out.
From Iſlington to Highgate-hill,
The road the gaping people fill.
Crowded were coaches, carts, and gigs,
And mighty Heads loſt mighty Wigs.

With dire alarm, the Courtiers fear'd,
The Comet would have then appear'd.
Reſtored was each diſtemper'd brain,
And thoſe ran mad, who erſt were ſane.
The Owl at Noon-tide hooting flew;
Sea-weed on Finchley-Common grew.
The Thames forſook its uſual plan,
And backward up to Brentford ran.
From Old Bow-Bridge to Turnham-Green,
Nothing but Prodigies were ſeen.
Hastings lock'd up his Cheſts, and ſwore,
He would pay Orators no more.

Priestley

68

PRIESTLEY ſtopp'd printing for a Week;
HORSLEY renounc'd the pride of Greek;
ROMAINE for ſtage-plays pleader turn'd;
LINDSAY with zeal for myſt'ries burn'd.
E'en DAVID WILLIAMS fell to prate
The praiſes of the Church and State.
GIBBON *believ'd*, and grew at odds
With Heathen Goddeſſes and Gods.
While JENYNS from the Faith about
Turn'd, and relaps'd in former Doubt.
CECIL in BOLINGBROKE ſaw beauties,
And ROWLAND HILL preach'd *Moral Duties*.
LANDSDOWN, with meekneſs of a child,
Wiſh'd PRIESTLEY to be reconcil'd.
DELPINI a new method found,
To keep his *Leg* upon the ground.
The mighty RICHMOND thought no more
With walls to fortify the ſhore.
And PITT, ſome ſay, had favour'd Leiſure,
Was minded for a Girl of Pleaſure.

Wiſe men, transform'd, behav'd like fools,
And blockheads follow'd Wiſdom's rules.
And ſo the worthy and the vile
Chang'd characters, a little while.
The gen'rous LETSOM clos'd his palms,
And fail'd to give his daily alms.
The good JOHN WHITE, of Newgate-Street,
Forgot the pris'ners in the Fleet.
While ROWNTREE, pardon to acquire,
Threw Bonds and Judgments in the fire.

LONDON and Weſtminſter all round,
Thus whimſical the air was found.
But THURLOW, of eſtabliſh'd frame,
Immoveable, was ſtill the ſame.
Nought could diſpoſe him, for a day,
To ſend the poor man void away,
Or liſt to noble commendations,
To hoiſt the rich to wealthier ſtations.
Nor could the courtly cringing bow
Relax the firmneſs of his brow,

Or

Or turn him from his conſtant plan,
To elevate the honeſt man.
He, at this time, met PITT at Kew,
And Doctor WILLIS met thoſe two.

" Now, Gentlemen, (ſaid Doctor WILLIS)
Our Sov'reign Lord no longer ill is.
Thoſe weſtern gales, which wafted o'er
The Iriſh Deputies to ſhore,
Did ſuddenly the King reſtore."

" THAT (THURLOW cried) is falſe as Hell,
Unleſs he were laſt month as well.
Strange tale indeed! that blaſts of weather
Should ſend ſuch Oppoſites together;
Hibernians to the Prince ſhould bring,
And Wits to the diſtemper'd King.
This ye may Children make believe,
But hope not THURLOW to deceive.

But grant it true——then the King may
Go to the Peers' Houſe any day."

" No, no—(ſaid PITT) he cannot reign,
While yet the Regency remain.
The Regency, not made in jeſt,
May not ſo ſoon be diſpoſſeſs'd,
But for a twelve-month needs muſt laſt,
Tho' mend the Sov'reign ne'er ſo faſt.
I, in the Commons, this declared,
And none but Oppoſition ſtared."

" SPROUT of ambition! (THURLOW cries)
To what high ſummit would'ſt thou riſe?
Who, while the King was hurt in brain,
Didſt bind the Prince, that thou might'ſt reign,
And, now the King is better grown,
Would'ſt keep him twelve months off his throne.
So you, at all events, muſt be
King, for a year, o'er kingdoms three.

And then, you truſt, that London-Cits,
That body, all compos'd of Wits,
Will Country-Corporations bring,
To vote you to continue King.
And Ireland and the Iſle of Man
May diſpoſſeſs you if they can.

" I've not forgot the frantic fire
Of thy enthuſiaſtic Sire;
Who, never with his rank content,
In Council or in Parliament,
Would at his feet ſee proſtrate fall
King, Council, Parliament, and all.
And would'ſt thou, with a Boy's pretenſions,
Graſp at thy Father's broad dimenſions?
Has Pruſſia's Monarch ſwell'd thy pride,
A gueſt, diſguis'd, at thy fire-ſide?
Doſt thou, like CHATHAM, ſums immenſe
Expend, to gain intelligence?
Doſt thou, like him, expend thy own,
To know the motions of each Throne?

Know

Know not the Grooms, who ſweep the Mews,
What thou know'ſt, when they've read the News?
If thou be ſtudious, what avail
Thy ſtudies, if thy tidings fail?
Poring o'er maps, canſt thou diſcern
The jealouſies on thrones which burn;
What agitates the various courts,
And what's preparing in the ports?
Will WRAXALL's topographic aid
Teach thee the ebbs and flows of trade?
Will the arithmetic of PRICE
Find out an Emperor's device?
Thy ſtudies, fram'd on ſpeculation,
Miſlead, and end in conſternation.
The unforeſeen events arrive,
And into haſty meaſures drive,
Which prove abortive, wanting time,
And ſtumble upon many a crime.
No more ſuch ſtudies help the State,
Than magic circles on a ſlate.

As well might'ſt thou throw dice like Fox,
Or in a bagnio take the pox.
Do Britiſh Tars ſurround thy gate,
To hail thee, generous and great?
Haſt thou yet learn'd to condeſcend
To be or ſeem the poor man's friend?
Haſt laid aſide the haughty mien,
Which thee and glory ſtands between?
Would'ſt thou, with thy uncourtly pride,
'Mong ſmooth ambaſſadors preſide,
And dictate peace, and dictate war,
A youth, too haughty for the Bar?
When, out of place, thou went'ſt to France,
Was it to mend thy ſtep in dance?
To catch the Graces, didſt thou roam?
Beſt learn'd from MANCHESTER at home.
Not inborn, as in him the ſame,
France could not teach them to thy frame.
For tho' I don't pretend to ſhine
In manners of a courtier fine,

And ne'er would learn to cringe and bow,
I like not ſuch a churl as thou,
Who of four CAMDEN ap'ſt the ways,
Self-prais'd, above another's praiſe,
Catching from him the ſurly plan,
To ſcorn the literary man,
By whom alone thy naked name
Can cloathe itſelf in deathleſs fame.
And thy renown beyond the grave
'Tis not in PRETTYMAN to ſave.
Or if his pen could top thy praiſe,
What *Credit* would obtain his lays?

" But ceaſe, thou ſhallow Babe of State,
On a Year's Regency to prate.
If the King's health be ſtabliſh'd ſo,
That WILLIS may to Lincoln go,
The King to Parliament ſhall ride,
And ſet the Regency aſide.
For when the King is freſh and ſane,
The power revolves to him again.

During

During his illneſs, and no longer,
Says the Reſtraint—can words be ſtronger?
Ee'n fat-brain'd Aldermen muſt jeer
At his Crown-letting for a Year.
Mind your new patient, Doctor WILLIS;
If e'er brain-crack'd, now crack'd hath BILLY's.
Take him, and purge him, Doctor, pray do,
And give him well the Baſtinado.
Save him, or ſinks the Britiſh State!
Bleed him in haſte, and ſhave his pate.
Scrape him—for England's fame and wealth
Pend on his ſanity and health.
Mark, WILLIS, 'tis the vice of pride,
Which drives the youth himſelf beſide.
Of wild ambition purge him pure;
To know the Cauſe is half the Cure.
Behold the ruddy ſparks ariſe,
In fiery flaſhes from his eyes!
The ſtrong ſulphureous ſtench I ſmell;
'Tis rank Tartarean, freſh from Hell."

So ſaid, walk'd off th' indignant Peer,
And left 'Squire PITT in poſture queer.
" Oh, Doctor WILLIS, (then ſaith he)
How that ſtern THURLOW brow-beats me!"

" Sage Sir, (quoth WILLIS) yours am I,
As all I've done doth teſtify.
For thee I left my houſe in Lincoln,
For honour, great for me to think on,
The Lords and Ladies all to ſee,
And nurſe and purge the King for thee.
Now, Sir, that miſchief may be ſtopp'd,
Let the Year's Regency be dropp'd.
In this let THURLOW have his way,
The gain is yours, another day.
Elſe he, perhaps, in hot vexation,
May give it out, to all the nation,
How that the King was well before
The Iriſh Deputies came o'er;

At leaſt as qualified as now
To take the Crown upon his brow;
And that we make him ill and well,
As ſuits or not the truth to tell.
Therefore, rough THURLOW to appeaſe,
Cancel the Regency with eaſe.
But by all means the King prevent
From going forth to Parliament.
For, Heaven defend us! who doth know,
That if the King ſhould thither go,
His mind in politics won't turn?
And, ſhould his indignation burn,
For miſbehaviour to his ſon,
Then out you're turn'd, and every one,
Unleſs, by terror of his face,
This dark-brow'd THURLOW keep in place.
For he as willing ſeems to riſque it,
As you, Sir, might to eat a biſcuit.
Moreo'er, tho' better, yet perhaps
The diſeas'd Sov'reign may relapſe.

And peradventure this he'll do
Before the Houſe, in public view.
And then the Land no more will bear
Reſtraints upon the Royal Heir.
Therefore, ſage Sir, 'tis my advice,
Diſcharge the Doctors in a trice,
And leave the King to me alone,
That a relapſe may ne'er be known.
For, where's the harm, if well or ill,
The public think him mending ſtill?
And, his forth-going to prevent,
To meet the States in Parliament,
Is it not fair, report to make,
That his frail frame will miſchief take;
That, lately, on a morning-ramble,
He ſcratch'd his legs againſt a bramble;
That with a jump he bruis'd his knee,
And pitch'd his head againſt a tree;
That he takes cold by going out,
And, when within-doors, gets the gout?

So Parliament, in this condition,
The King may open by Commiſſion,
Cloſe it and open it again
In the ſame mode, 'til end his reign.
The Miniſtry as long may laſt,
Tho' Oppoſition rant and blaſt.
And you and all your friends ſhall thrive,
While I can keep the King alive.
And that for you will better be,
Than to count One in Regency."

THE counſel pleas'd, the thing was done,
The Doctors were diſcharg'd, each one,
All but old WILLIS, and his Son.

THE Miniſter, with aching head,
Took poſſet, and retir'd to bed.
A ſpark of father CHATHAM's pride
Took fire in his heart-ſeated ſide,

Burn'd

Burn'd half his liver to a cinder,
And half his ventricles to tinder.
It was a desp'rate scorching flame
As e'er consum'd a human frame.
And had not a Physician then,
More gentle than old HEBERDEN,
Arriv'd, unsent-for, to relieve him,
The grave had open'd to receive him.
Great cures doth he, and yet his knowledge
Was always question'd in the College;
Oldest in practice of the train,
Yet deem'd a Quack in Warwick-Lane.
None of PITT's servants let him in,
Yet in he came,—and was so thin,
That, had they met him in the hall,
They had perceiv'd no shape at all.
This Doctor, with a due regard,
Is call'd *Sir* SOMNUS by the Bard.
For, as all worth should be requited,
So great Physicians should be *knighted*.

Who

Who hath forgot *Sir* WILLIAM BROWNE,
That Poetaſter of renown,
Who, to retard the trade of Hearſes,
Uſed to cure patients with his verſes?
But, leſt the Muſe be deem'd a Jeſter,
We inſtance in *Sir* JOHN SYLVESTER;
Honour'd for having laid his claws on
His honeſt neighbour, THOMAS DAWSON,
Becauſe it fell to DAWSON's lot,
To be a *Bill of Rights*-Man hot,
And to perform more cures than he
Along the flowery banks of Lea,
But, himſelf covering, ſet on
His wife apothecary, JOHN,
While he ſat by, enjoy'd the ſport,
And took the merit all at Court;
Wherefore ſome ſaid, that JOHN, if righted,
And not SYLVESTER, had been knighted.
This knighting each renown'd Phyſician,
To raiſe by title his condition,——

(Eſpecially

Eſpecially if Merit riſe
To ſuch a venerable ſize,
As in theſe Doctors of renown,
Sirs JOHN SYLVESTER and WILL BROWNE,
One for his pretty rhymes compoſing,
T' other poor DAWSON for oppoſing,
Neither for ſcience in diſeaſes,
But merit which the Great more pleaſes)
This help to the Phyſician's fame,
By adding *Sir* to each one's name,
So common is in London grown,
That all fine folks at Mary-Bone,
Lawyers, Civilians, Pimps, and Proctors,
When ailing, muſt have *knighted* Doctors.
This Doctor, this *Sir* SOMNUS hight,
Who ſeldom comes 'til candle-light,
And never fails to bring Narcotics,
Squeez'd from ſomniferous Exotics,
Drop'd on PITT's temples a ſuffuſion,
Which cured his anguiſh by illuſion,

And

And laid him quiet on the bed,
As tho' a blaſt had ſmit him dead.

Nor let the Dons of Warwick-Lane
Of our civility complain,
Or on *Sir* Somnus envious look,
Who never his Diploma took.
For Poets are a ſort of Kings,
Who firſt make Perſons out of Things,
And then thoſe perſons Knights can make,
Wherever they a fancy take.
Why ſhould a Bard be ſo abſurd
As not to copy George the Third,
In giving Knighthood here and there,
As free and common as the air?
For Somnus 'twould indeed be hard,
To miſs this honour from the Bard,
Whom for a God, in days of yore,
'Twas thought religious to adore;
Whom, among Gods, did mortals call
The mildeſt, gentleſt of them all *.

* *The mildeſt, gentleſt of them all.*] According to Ovid,
Placidiſſime Somne Deorum.

And who doth know but GIBBON will
Bring into Parliament a Bill,
The rites of SOMNUS to renew,
At that mild hour when falls the dew?
For GIBBON from Adminiſtration
Means to obtain a Toleration
Of Heathens, faſt as they increaſe,
Who venerate the Gods of Greece;
And hopes that men, in future Æons,
Will Bibles burn, and read Pantheons.
Then will old SOMNUS have his fane,
And rank among the Gods again;
And 'twill be deem'd not half his right,
To title him a ſimple Knight.
In ſhort, it were a burning ſhame,
Not to put *Sir* to SOMNUS' name,
Who had the merit of reſtoring
The ſecond PITT, by dint of ſnoring.

Sir SOMNUS had along with him
His eldeſt-born, his child of whim,

Who

Who any human ſhape commands,
And right before the ſleeper ſtands.
The dext'rous MORPHEUS (that's his name)
In MAHOMET's true figure came.
White was the turban round his head,
His ſandals on ſilk drapery tread,
His belt the ſcymitar entwines,
The creſcent o'er his forehead ſhines.

" LET not (ſaid he) great CHATHAM's ſon
The Prophet of Arabia ſhun.
Thy father's glorious courſe was near
To its completion of career.
Nor for that end did aught remain,
But the demoliſhment of Spain.
The project he deriv'd from me,
Who to him ſpake, as now to thee.
I offer'd him a deſp'rate hoſt,
From regions of the Barb'ry-Coaſt,
To croſs for him the wat'ry main,
And deſolate the realm of Spain.

But he in council was oppoſed,
Retired, and in a Peerage doſed.
But thou, his own aſpiring ſon,
I truſt, a nobler race wilt run.
Take my advice, thou ſhalt not long
Be toſs'd like hay, by THURLOW's prong.
Think not to ſhine in dreaming Peace;
Project a War—bid Faction ceaſe.
'Tis not the genius of a PITT,
In wrangling ſenates down to ſit,
To hear diſcuſs'd domeſtic jars:
Rouſe then to Thunder, and the Wars!
Nor lackeſt thou occaſion fair,
The warlike tempeſt to prepare.
Art not by treaty well-agreed
With the reſolv'd intrepid Swede?
Enter with Sweden in alliance,
And bid the Muſcovite defiance.
For, tho' GUSTAVUS mad be thought,
Draining his realms of every groat,—

Tho',

'Tho', in diſgrace when Fortune throws him,
His injur'd ſubjects will depoſe him,
Rememb'ring, to the preſent hour,
How like a Thief he took his Power—
Thy fair pretence is ready-made,
That thou of Ruſſia beeſt afraid,
Leſt ſhe ſhould overmighty grow,
To crush where'er ſhe makes a foe.
The grateful Turk ſhall turn to thee,
And to his trade ſhall make thee free.
To India ſhall thy veſſels paſs,
Thro' the Red-Sea, as ſmooth as glaſs.
This will corrode thy rival, Fox,
And make him madder than an ox;
'Twill BURKE deprive of all his hopes,
Flow'rs, figures, metaphors, and tropes;
And SHERIDAN, if brains remain,
Shall ſcribble Comedies again:
While thou, deſpiſing ſmall alarms,
Shalt guide a univerſe in arms,

Take

Take ſeat in glory's vaulted dome,
Conquer abroad, and rule at home."

Thus ſpake the Prophet of the Eaſt,
And, with *his* words, PITT's viſion ceas'd.

THENCEFORTH the Miniſter grew bold,
Nor ev'n by THURLOW was controul'd;
Gloried to guide the Commonwealth,
Whilſt WILLIS watch'd the Monarch's health;
Hurried the ſhort-liv'd Seſſion thro',
So that no good the Houſe could do;
Enjoy'd his power, nor lik'd it worſe
To feel a heavy-growing purſe;
Smil'd at all ſenatorial ſtrife;
Sought neither friend, nor wench, nor wife;
Forſook his former plan pacific;
Grew warlike, bloody, and terrific;
Would fight the Ruſſian, help the Swede;
Would help the Divan to ſucceed;
Swore that half Chriſtendom ſhould bleed;

Then,

Then, inconſiſtently to ſhow,
That he to bloodſhed was a foe,
Preſum'd to croſs the King's deſign,
In aid of Liberty benign,
Who wiſh'd, with merited applauſe,
To help the brave Brabantian's cauſe;
Then counſel gave, in deadly ſpight,
Ireland with England to unite,
Becauſe the Union, well he knew,
Hibernia's ſons muſt ever rue;
Then made to Mahomet his prayer,
That, when the Comet comes to glare,
Filling the world with conſternation,
Threat'ning a flood, or conflagration,
Hibernia's Iſle remov'd may be,
And planted in the Euxine Sea,
That the Great Turk may on her fall,
And cut her into pieces ſmall.

And further thus the Statesman young
Taught ſupplication to his tongue.

" Oh thou great Prophet of my ſoul,
Who, under Heaven, doſt Earth controul,
Who erſt didſt fire my father's brain
With bloody purpoſe upon Spain,
Thy dark Barbarians to employ,
The race Iberian to deſtroy!
On the Black Sea, in proper place,
When thou haſt put that Iſland baſe,
Where Couſin BUCKINGHAM could not
Stay to increaſe the Gold he got,—
(For thou, oh Prophet, if thou pleaſe,
Canſt, to thyſelf with equal eaſe,
Change on the globe an iſland's ſeat,
As do Map-makers on a ſheet,
Who oft, in putting down an iſle,
Make nothing of a thouſand mile,)
When this removal thou haſt made,
And in the Euxine Ireland laid,—
(By ſome ſuch art as that profound,
Which rais'd thy ſepulchre from ground,

And

And from Medina, thro' the air,
To Mecca took, and plac'd it there,)
I aſk thee not to ſpare a man,
Whate'er of politics his plan.
For, as old SANDWICH doth contend,
None on the Iriſh can depend.
Therefore, great Prophet, let them all
By ſcymitar and bow-ſtring fall."

THUS having finiſh'd his devotion,
He of Diſmiſſion had a notion;
Which caus'd his pleaſure ſome ſuſpenſion,
Under a ſudden apprehenſion,
That NICHOLAS, the Patron-Saint
Of Ruſſia, hearing *her* complaint,
Would uſe his intereſt in ſky,
That PITT might tumble from on high.

So from his knees in doubt he roſe,
Himſelf with purpoſe to compoſe,

That, all the miſchief having done,
The life political he'd ſhun,
And, when reliev'd from public care,
For Mecca's pilgrimage prepare,
With Turks and Saracens remain,
From wine and ſhambles-meat abſtain,
To keep him ſound in fleſh and bone,
Free from the Fiſtula and Stone,
And Gout, which cries at every ſtep, Oh!
Build him a palace at Aleppo,
Where Ghoſts of Smugglers ſhall not haunt him,
In dripping-wet Great-Coats, to daunt him,
In ſelf-conceit, another GALLIO,
A great Baſha——without Seraglio.

FINIS.